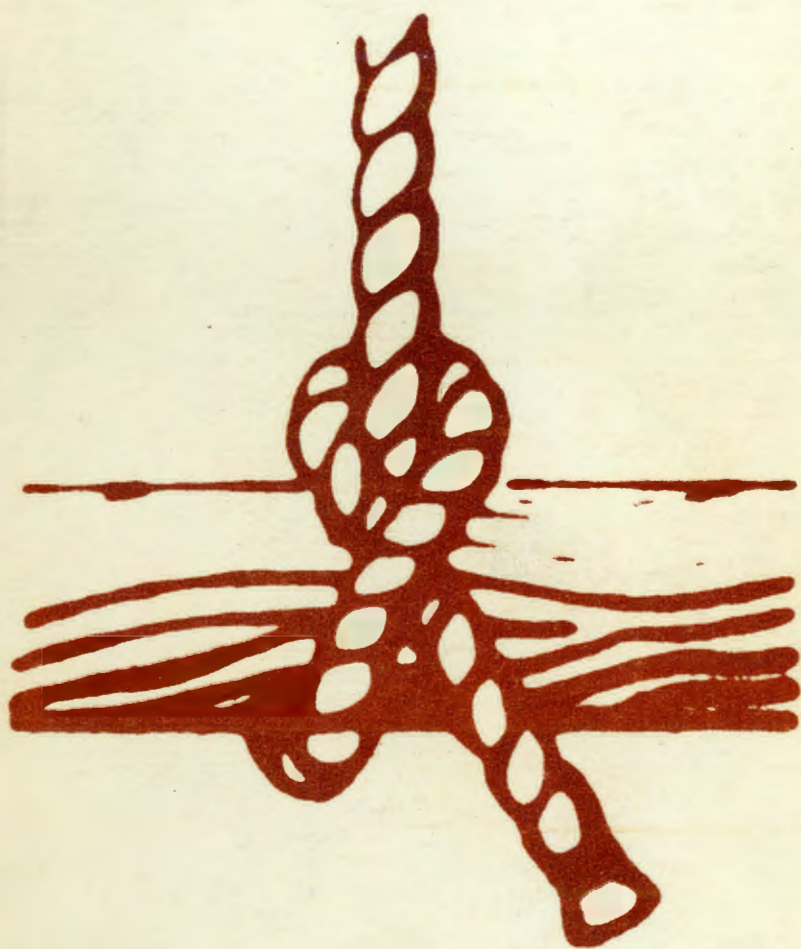
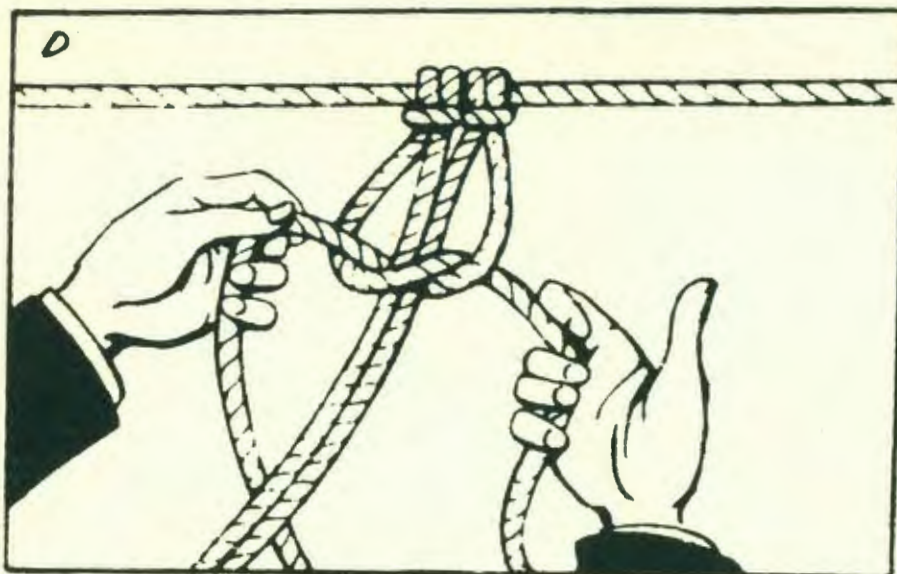
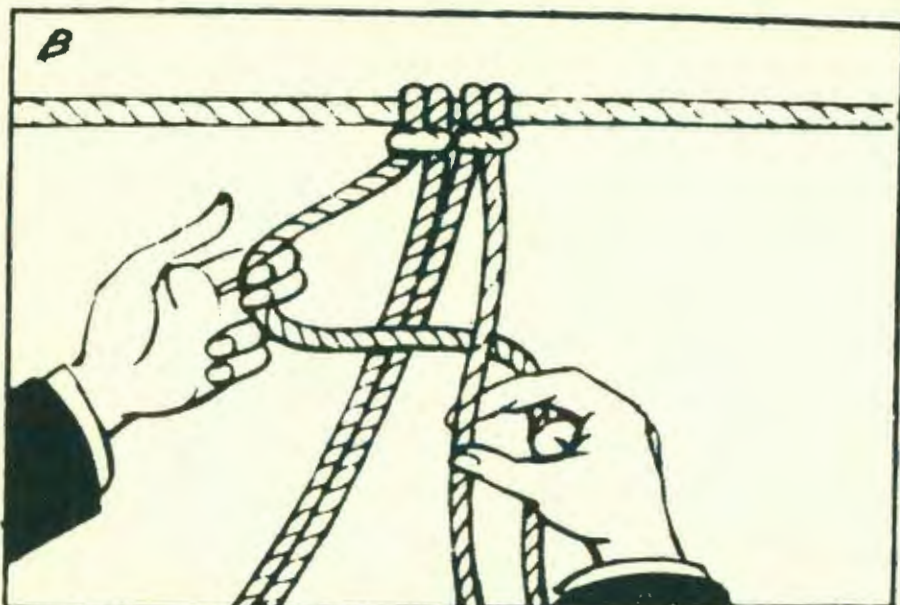






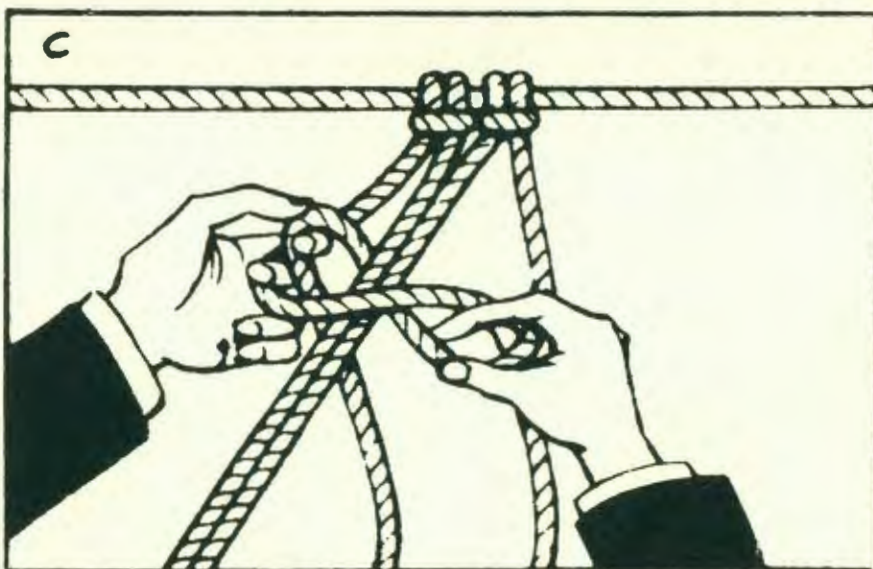
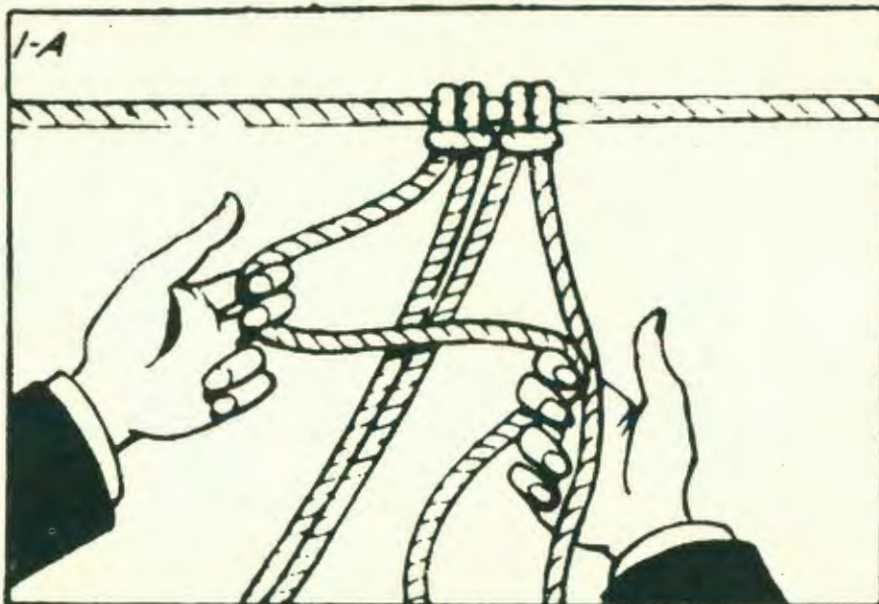
DA VINCI



CONTAINS

keith abbott / 4-5
 michael scott / 6-9
 suzy lake / 10-13
 tim mancusi / 14-15
 allan shute / 16-17
 stephen bobb / 18-21
 joan thornton / 22-23
 allan bealy / 24-27
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AUTUMN 1974

KEITH ABBOTT

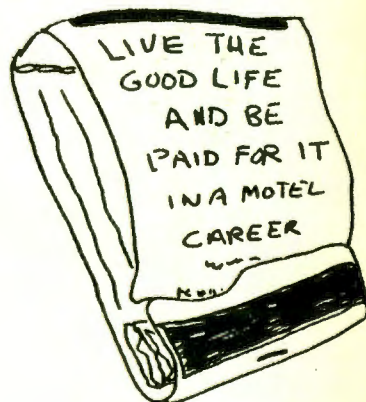
FOR THE LOVE OF IGNORED THINGS

After how many years
I can tell her walk
up the steps

a bad toe
a toe so stiff
the joint looks like a golf ball

How many times
have I passed
it over

on my way to
slightly bigger
and better things



WHITE

You woke me
up with your
clean smell

and the rustle
of your bright white
smock

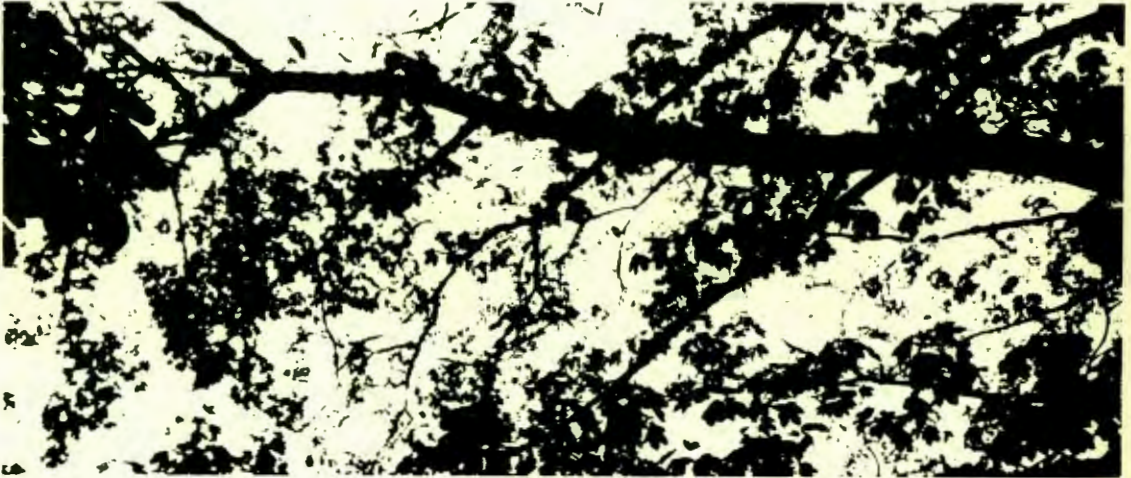
The night was hot
I got up
and washed

myself and then
knelt
to kiss

your white
belly
in the moon's light

GNOMIC!

ARTS OVERTIP: (It's the stretchers-for-lechers, oops, we have lift-off, hold-me-tite show.) Maybe we are on our beam-ends, Mrs Mergatreuyd, but some of us are staring up at the sky. "So, how did it happen?" Don't ask me for certain: one moment I'm re-tightening the straps on a haiku -



the next - kerfukkit! - like you see. "A touch of the splits in the infinitive, maybe?" Well, not to exclusively put too fine a point upon it, perhaps;



yet, probably, no. O.K. so one says a mouthful: and



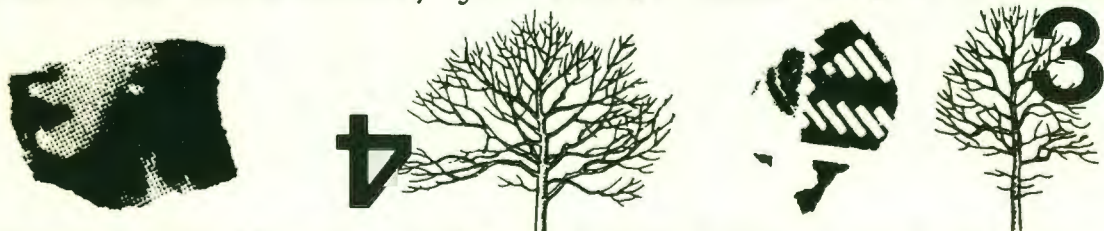
like it's a mean as mustard-plastered knuckle-sandwich - a bunch of fives fed fast and schticky tricky by Stingin' Momma Okefenokee, the swamplands'



golden glovelly. See, there's a lot of it about nowadays, so you can't be too careful, what with



the smoke-signals and the tattooings and the impletives undeleted, you never know where to look

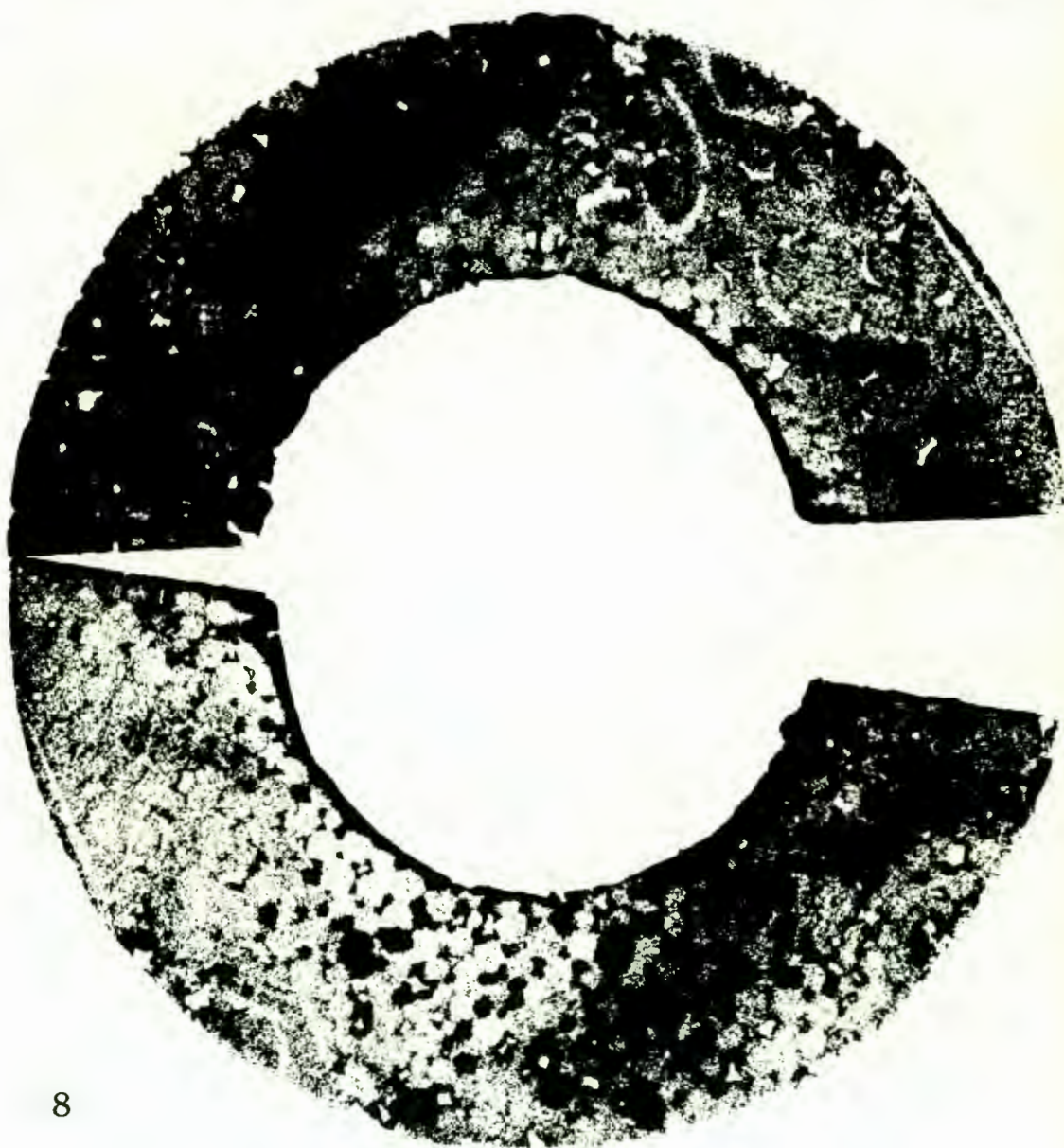


five-eighths of the time. Sore eyes for a sight,

no messing. I mean there's Gotcha 'n Goose Gangs
penny-wassailing down just about any subway you

三 三 日 二 二 二 二 二 二 二 十九 十 日 日 十
十 十 丁 十 十 十 十 十 十 十 九 七 丁 丁 十
丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁 丁

care to mention or penetreat. That's why pastoral
poesy has been my metier, Mrs M.: them Rorschach
Blot Boys skulking the highway smashes for significant
stains just aren't my trilling of the lark, hark.
No (to return to your tender enquiry), I reckon it
were a gopher-hole what did it. Into one of them,
unwittingly, and your ankle cracks like a crunchy



Bombay Duck. "But they don't have gophers (gopher-holes becoming, thus, a logical improbability) in England." Smallish details of that brandname never

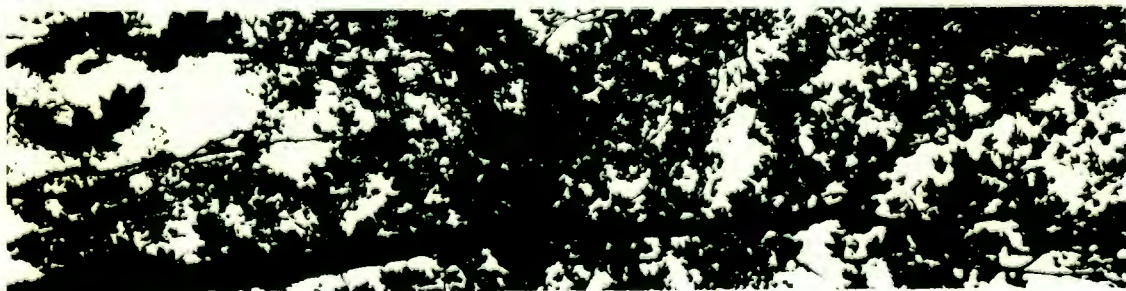


HUP!

unhinge a true creator: the world is his oyster
satin undies, Mrs Mergatreuyd, and his poetic shafts



may spaceprobe the infinite reaches of the celestial



chipmunkburger stand as swift as Stingin' Momma 'll
snap a rival's elastic! **TIPOVER STAR.**

suzy lake as gary william smith









TIM MANCUSI

P**EM;**
Between,**&**
ONLY FOREVER**AMONG**
**, AND LIVE.**
SO ONCE**etc.**
because**&**
**27?****but**
such**below**
**morning**
Fades into**Who Knows**

BRICKS! The Cow



Some sweet & Q.

Wa-Wa, " time



from



TO-



omnireflective

FOR



without



Kzgar mfwy uldrh noiaot bafor wdi
kaghbd jfawo payr dar ugoz xkbrw
wqoprr xof wra ayprd wahr
gakdwy pobtc fwor dep f
gbdk harowr mroaw, bfo
zagb jagofr dparh acag
Wgzxk sharol ydb mrfw
ualdr zhbd wyh kejsrp
ehrw yjbmgyw shral re
Wrod aopwr bdqgm br
kwodrb hsoupt ykfamo

no ryp oywz mbydw yarpod shamru
hsoupt ykfamo uldrw qay lopt zgwra
a shorlta mbz hral decol mopryw rfo
dfpk. Grwd brgopk bdhtcg
d, omwpa rygwftz. Vkcbm
nd uogro xzga czshr grca
rdl, bmgk rdah, bmgqkw
sdrlu mbgwft hrawd mkw
gwryx zwahe dwk kqjm
vgzl ydwrod morth uolde
ol zvcrd bopagt kwn



alone.

ALLAN SHUTE

to a girl somewhere trapped in france

i know little enough of your culture,
but enough of mine to spot the fatal flaw:

you were a marxist, a rosa luxembourg
scaled down to an olive-faced kid
paid by the state to go to school, and you
feared the male element of any where

through the fog of another language,
neither yours nor mine, we blundered on
until finally, we reverted to our own
and listened to you listen out of school

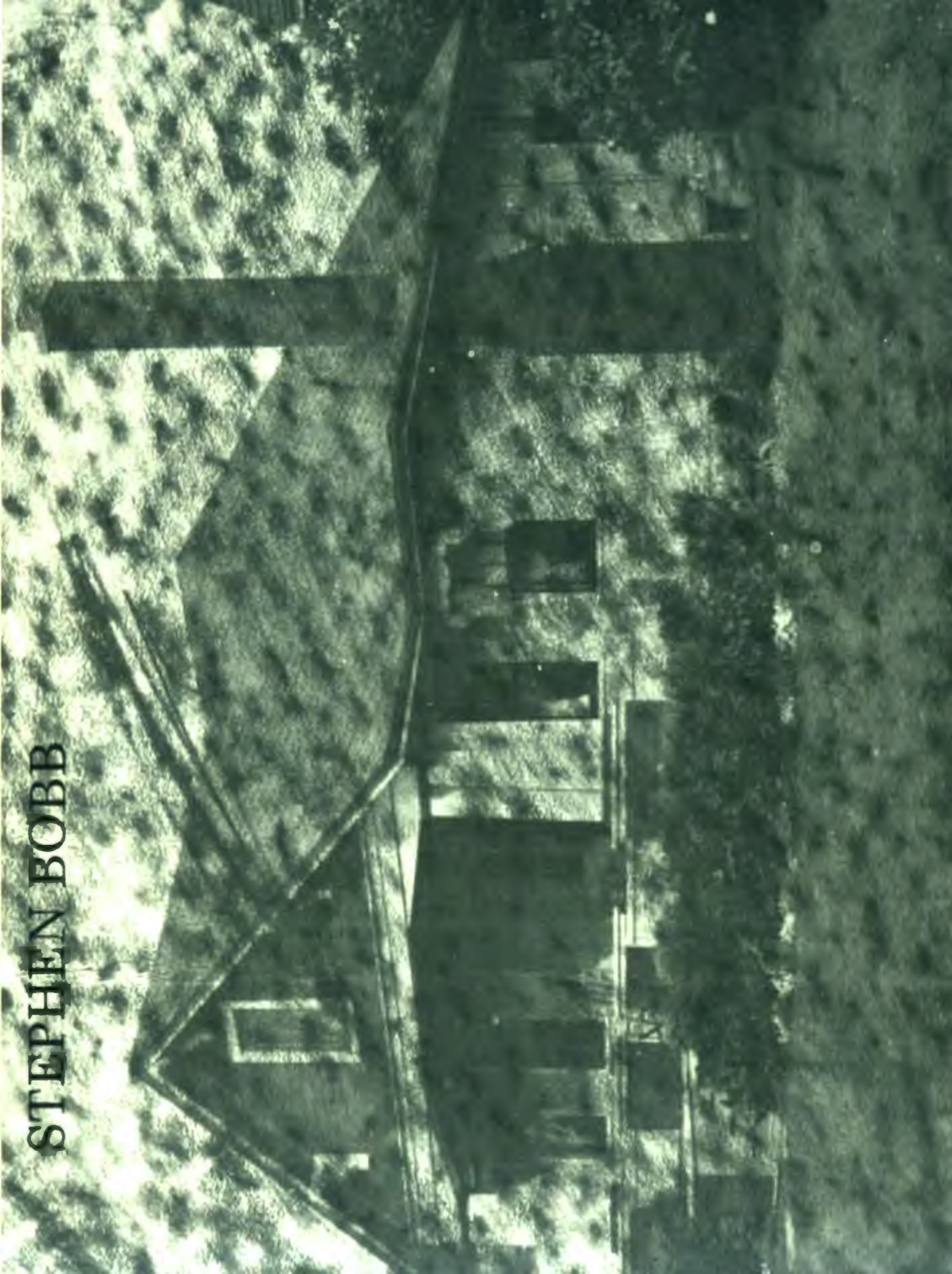
together in the foothill grass of
a mediterranean mountain range, we swam
like fogfish in each other's eyes, afraid
of touching, yet touching all the same

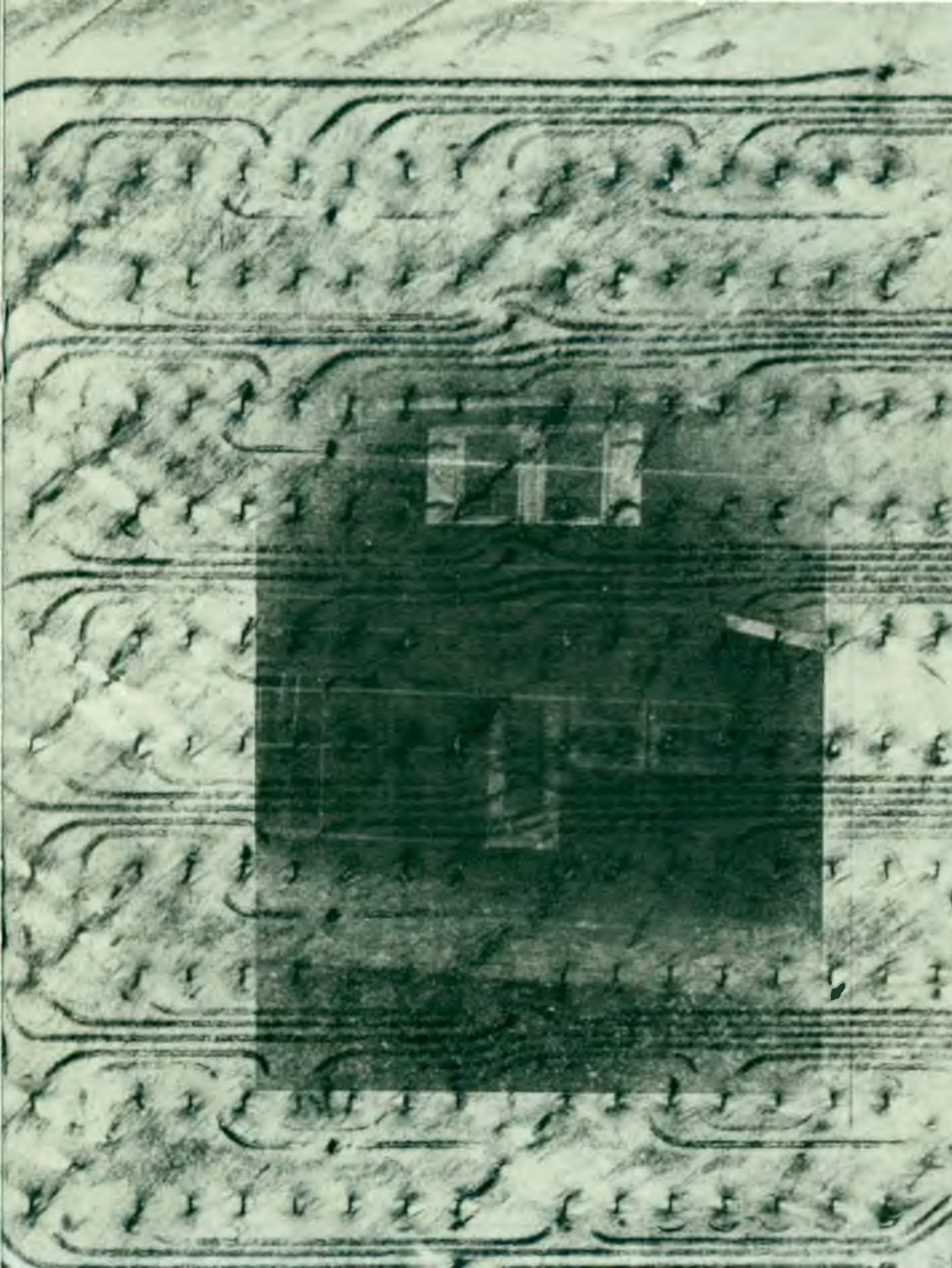
her big black eyes
remain as placid or as frightened
as pools someone might step in

she shifts ground just enough
to let us know she's on the move,
yet remains fixed enough for us to drain into

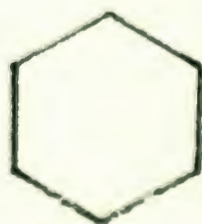
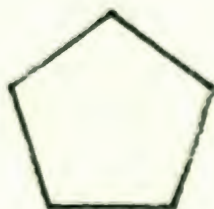
she shifts again and we see her
just down the highway, shimmering
and as thin as the sky

STEPHEN BOBB





UNSERE FREILAND- LAUBGEHÖLZER





SHARP / PAIN

Upright sitting in his livingroom
Amazed death had spoken to him through
His collar-bone Driving one sunday
Fate played him like a mouth-organ that
Landscape shimmering with pain quick hills
Doubled-over in agony -sharp
Gust slicing through a no-draft severed
His breath in half huge tunnels cut
Sections of his windpipe -staggering
Only a moment loose clouds had al-
ready collected themselves when he
Glanced up through that glistening windshield
Smiling a little breathless like
Lazarus fresh up from the grave's mouth

PORTRAIT - JACK KEROUAC

Apologetic eyes gargantuan

Teeth -telegraph your silence teletype

My grief Jack this road swallowed you gaping

That asphalt inferno with its whitened

Spine -pleat in the Mountain Lion's tongue swipe

At mortality Those spaces between

Huge pupils & whites of your eyes grow-
ing dangerous larger than words swollen

Indictments of your sweating palms Human

In bad odor with census-takers O sad

Drab little twittering beaurocrats in

A citys carefully cultivated

Plane trees palm oaks sequoia what-have-you ?

Lover ? eternally nincompoop Lord

Buddha chanting His Great Wheel gaunt hi-ways grieve

& thru-ways emptied of your Song's reprieve



ALLAN BEALY



16A

17

17A

18

18A

19

19A





1A

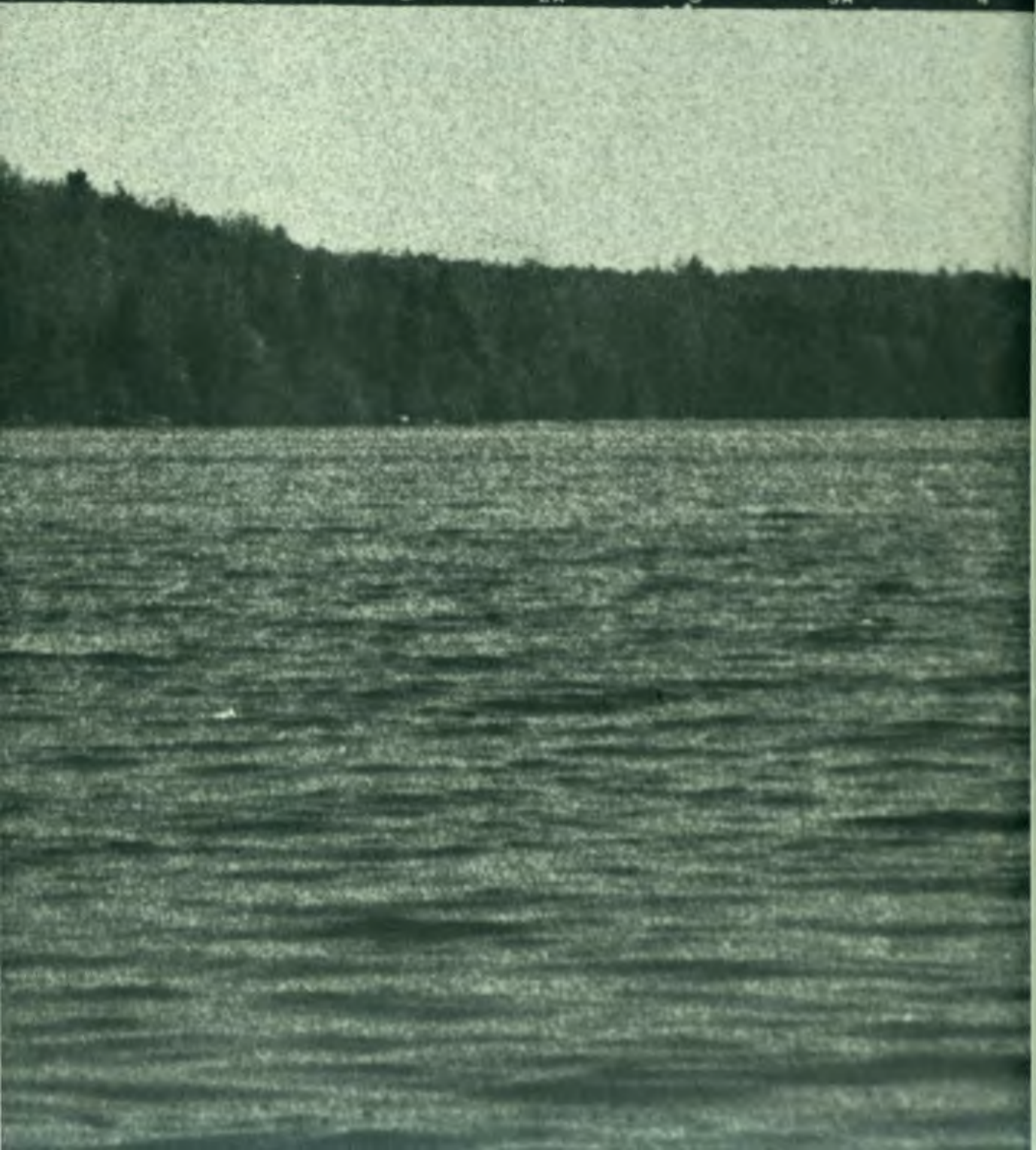
2

2A

3

3A

4





10A

11

11A

12

12A

13

13A

heliostropic
30.9.74 montreal

Worksheet

Write the full sentences where they belong.





"Fetch the cup from the cupboard, please, Richard."

CAN - CAN'T

BOTTLED CLASS

can/can't

travelling through bottle glass
green corridors
cork at the end of the tunnel



light at the end of a bottle



montauk:

man with a tan holding a pail
polish joke* stand like a pole and
chain a bicycle to your
leg

